

The Tragedie

Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble these
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that raise me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did offense his Maiesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earnest aduocate to prade for him.
My lord, you doe me shamefull iniury,
Falsely to draw me in, such vile suspect.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Rin. She may my Lord,

Glo. She may, L. Rivers, why who knowes not so?
She may do more fir then denying that:
She may leipe you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.

What may she not? she may, yea marry may she.

Rin. What marry may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worse match.

Qu. My L. of Gloucester, I haue to long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiesty,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured,
I had rather be a counry seruant maid,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be chaste, taunted, scorned, and baised at,
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter Qu. Margaret.

Q. Mar. And lesued be that small, God I beseech thee
Thy honour state and seat is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and spare not looke what I sayd,
I will auoch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, when paines are quite forgot.

Of Richard the Third.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore sonne at Tewkesburie.

Glo. Ere you were Queene yea or your husband King,
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduertaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royallize his blood I spilt mine owne.

Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margrets battaile at Saint Albons slaine:
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.

Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his Father Warwick,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which lesu pardon)

Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.

Glo. To fight on Edwards party for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) hee is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.

Ri. My Lord of Gloucester in those busie dayes,
Which here you vige to proue vs enemies,
We follow then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So should we now if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedlar,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this countries King,
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof,
A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse.

Yea

